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MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

AUTUMN.—ALISON.

There is an "even tide" in the year—a season, as we now witness, when the sun withdraws his propitious light—when the winds arise, and the leaves fall, and nature around us seems to sink into decay. It is said, in general to be the season of melancholy; and if by this word be meant that it is the time of solemn and of serious thought, it is undoubtedly the season of melancholy;—yet, it is a melancholy so soothing so gentle in its approach, and so prophetic in its influence, that they, who have known it, feel, as if instinctively, that it is the doing of God, and that the heart of man is not thus finely touched, but to fine issues.

It is a season, which tends to wean us from the pssions of the world. Every passion, however base or unworthy, is yet eloquent. It speaks to us of present enjoyment;—it tells us of what men have done, and what men may do, and it supports us every where by the example of many round us. When we go out into the fields in the evening of the year, a different voice approaches us. We regard, even in spite of ourselves, the still but steady advances of time.

A few days ago, and the summer of the year was grateful, and every element was filled with life, and the sun of Heaven seemed to glory in his ascendant. He is now enfeebled in his power; the desert no more "blossoms like the rose;" the song of joy is no more heard among the branches; and the earth is strewed with that foliage which once bespoke the magnificence of summer. Whatever may be the passions which society has awakened, we pause amid this apparent desolation of nature. We sit down in the lodge "of the wayfaring man in the wilderness," and we feel that all we witness is the emblem of our own fate. Such also, in a few years will be our own condition. The blossoms of our spring—the pride of our summer will also fade into decay;—and the pulse that now beats high with virtuous or with vicious desire, will gradually sink, and then must stop forever.

We rise from our meditations with hearts softened and subdued, and we return into life as into a shadowy scene, where we have "disquieted ourselves in vain." Such is the first impression which the present scene of nature is fitted to make upon us. It is this first impression which intimidates the thoughtless and the gay; and, indeed, if there were no other reflections that followed, I know not that it would be the business of wisdom to recommend such meditations. It is the consequences, however, of such previous thoughts, which are chiefly valuable; and among these there are two which may well deserve our considerations.

It is the peculiar character of the melancholy which such seasons excite, that it is general. It is not an individual remonstrance;—it is not the harsh language of human wisdom, which too often insults, while it instructs us.—When the winds of autumn sigh around us, their voice speaks not to us only, but to our kind; and the lesson they teach us is not that we alone decay, but that such also is the fate of all the generations of man.—"They are the green leaves of the tree of the desert; which perish and are renewed."

In such a sentiment there is a kind of sublimity mingled with its melancholy; our tears fall, but they fall not for ourselves;—and although the train of our thoughts may have begun with the selfishness of our own concerns, we feel that, by the ministry of some mysterious power, they end in awakening our concern for every being that lives. Yet a few years, we think, and all that now bless, or all that now convulse humanity will also have perished. The mightiest pageantry of life will pass,—the loudest notes of triumph or of conquest will be silent in the grave;—the wicked, wherever active, "will cease from troubling," and the weary, wherever suffering," will be at rest."

Under an impression so profound, we feel our own hearts better. The cares, the animosities, the hatreds which society may have engendered sink unperceived from our bosoms. In the general desolation of nature, we feel the littleness of our own passions,—we look forward to that kindred evening which time must bring to all;—we anticipate the graves of those we hate, as of those we love. Every unkind passion falls, with leaves that fall around us; and we return slowly to our homes, and to the society which surrounds us, with the wish only to enlighten or to bless them.

If there were no other effects of such appearances of nature upon our minds, they would be still valuable, they would teach us humility,—and with it they would teach us charity. In the same hour in which they taught us our own fragility, they would teach us commisseration for the whole family of man. But there is a farther sentiment which such scenes inspire, more valuable than all; and we know little the designs of Providence, when we do not yield ourselves in such hours to the beneficent instincts of our imagination.

It is the unvarying character of nature, amid all its scenes, to lead us at last to its Author; and it is for this final end that all its varieties have such dominion upon our minds. We are led by the appearances of spring to see his bounty; and we are led by the splendors of summer, to see his greatness. In the present hours, we are led to a higher sentiment; and, what is more remarkable, the very circumstances of melancholy are those which guide us most securely to put our trust in him.

We are witnessing the decay of the year;—we go back in imagination, and find that such, in every generation, has been the fate of man;—we look forward, and we see that to such ends all must come at last;—we lift our deponding eyes in search of comfort, and we see above us, One, "who is ever the same, and to whose years there is no end." Amid the vicissitudes of nature, we discover that central majesty "in whom there is no variableness nor shadow of turning." We *feel* that there is a God; and from the tempestuous sea of life, we hail that polar star of nature, to which a sacred instinct had directed our eyes, and which burns with undecaying ray to lighten us among all the darkness of the deep.

From this great conviction, there is another sentiment which succeeds. Nature, indeed, yearly perishes; but it is yearly renewed. Amid all its changes, the immortal spirit of Him that made it remains; and the same sun which now marks with his receding ray the autumn of the year, will again arise in his brightness, and bring along with him the promise of the spring, and all the magnificence of summer.

Under such convictions, hope dawns upon the sadness of the heart. The melancholy of decay becomes the very herald of renewal;—the magnificent circle of nature opens upon our view;—we anticipate the analogous resurrection of our being;—we see beyond the grave a greater spring, and we people it with those who have given joy to that which is passed. With such final impressions we submit ourselves gladly to the destiny of our being. While the sun of mortality sinks, we hail the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, and in hours when all the honors of nature are perishing around us, we prostrate ourselves in deeper adoration before Him who "sitteth upon its throne."

Let, then, the young go out, in these hours, under the descending sun of the year, into the fields of nature. Their hearts are now ardent with hope,—with the hopes of fame, of honor, or of happiness! and in the long perspective which is before them, their imagination creates a world where all may be enjoyed. Let the scenes which they now may witness, moderate, but not extinguish their ambition;—while they see the yearly desolation of nature, let them see it as the emblem of mortal hope;—while they feel the disproportion between the powers they possess, and the time they are to be employed, let them carry their ambitious eye beyond the world;—and while, in these sacred solitudes, a voice in their own bosom corresponds to the voice of decaying nature, let them take that high decision which becomes those who feel themselves the inhabitants of a greater world, and who look to a being incapable of decay.

MISCELLANY.

THE GOLDEN CRUCIFIX.

BY M. FLORIAN.

One beautiful moonlight night, in the midst of summer, an aged gentleman was returning with his family, from a walk in the neighborhood of Toledo. His wife and he walked arm in arm; they were accompanied by their daughter, who was about seventeen, and by a female servant their only domestic.—The gentleman, who was of a decayed family, but of the most exemplary character, was named Don Carlos; his wife, named Donna Maria; and his daughter, whose figure was charming but her mind still more beautiful, was named Leucadea. At this instant, appeared a young cavalier, who was going to the promenade—His name was Rodolpho; he was one of those dissipated characters, who imagine that noble birth and a rich inheritance are sufficient to dispense with virtuous sentiments and regulated conduct. He had just quitted the table; he was encircled by his libertine companions; and heated, like them with wine. They soon came near Don Carlos and his family. It was like the rencounter of wolves with a flock of sheep. They stopped; they looked with an air of insolene on the good mother and her daughter. One of them proceedded to familiarities with the servant. The aged gentleman interfering, was insulted. With a trembling hand, he drew his sword. Rodolpho, laughing, disarmed him; seized the helpless Leucadea, and forcibly carried her towards the city, escorted by his guilty companions.

While Don Carlos was uttering imprecations against these gay ruffians, Donna Maria screaming with terror, and the servant in a state of distraction, the unfortunate Leucadea was in a swoon in the arms of her ravisher; who, having reached his own house, opened a private door, dismissed his friends, and carried his victim into his own apartment. He entered without a light, and without being seen by his servants. He shut the door; and, before Leucadea recovered her senses, completed the greatest crime which intoxication and brutality can suggest.

Rodolpho, without answering a word, left her chamber, shut the door, and hastened, no doubt, to be certain that no person in the house, or in the street, could oppose the execution of his design. He was no sooner gone than Leucadea rose, went to one side of the room, and feeling about, found a window, the shutters of which she opened, determined to throw herself out of it. She was prevented by a strong lattice, through which the moon, in all her splendor, illuminated the apartment. Leucadea stood motionless, a prey to her reflections; then looking round her, she carefully examined every thing in the room, the furniture, the pictures, the tapestry, and perceiving a crucifix of gold on an oritory, she took it, and concealed it in her bosom; then shutting the window, she waited in darkness, for the barbarian who was to decide her fate.—He returned; he was alone, and still without a light. He approached Leucadea, blindfolded her with an handkerchief, took her by the hand without speaking, and, without her daring to utter a word, brought her into the street. After a variety of turnings, he stopped with her near the great church.—Here he quitted her, and hastily retired.

It was some time before Leucadea could venture to remove the handkerchief that blinded her. At last, not hearing the least noise, she took it off, and found herself near the Cathedral. Her first idea was to fall on her hands and knees, and address a fervant prayer to God. She then rose, and with trembling steps returned towards her father's house. The unhappy father, and his inconsolable wife, were at this instance lamenting their lost daughter. They heard a knock! Don Carlos ran to the door, and opening it, beheld Leucadea; he clasped her in his arms, with an exclamation of indescribable joy.—The mother hastened to this affecting scene; she flung herself into the arms of her daughter; both embraced, both spoke to her at once; they called her their beloved child, their only joy, the sole support of their declining years.—They bedewed her cheek with tears; they asked and repeated a thousand questions? and allowed her not a moment to answer them.

Leucadea, after the first tender emotions were over, threw herself at her father's feet, and with downcast eyes, and blushing face, related what had happened. Overpowered by her feelings, she was scarcely able to finish the melancholy recital. The aged father raised her up, and folded her to his bosom; "My dear daughter," he said, "guilt alone constitutes dishonor, and thou art innocent. Interrogate thy conscience; can it reproach thee with one improper thought, or one word or action unbecoming the sex? No, my beloved daughter, thou art still my virtuous Leucadea; my paternal heart loves and respects thee, to a greater degree, perhaps, than before thy misfortunes."

Leucadea, comforted by these assurances, could now lift up her eyes to her father. She shewed him the crucifix, which she had taken away, in the hope that it might one day enable her to discover her ravisher. Don Carlos took the crucifix, which he contemplated some time in silence, the tears bedewing his cheeks. What were his emotions none but a paternal heart can conceive. When he found some utterance, his expressions breathed the deep felt sensibility of wounded honor—of an injury received in the dearest part of myself. His emotions pointed, with deeper anguish, the grief of Leucadea. The good Donna Maria, at length, somewhat calmed his mind; she took the crucifix from him; and the unhappy father, himself, endeavored to forget his anger, that he might again go and comfort his daughter.

After some days, spent in tears, the unfortunate Leucadea recovered, in some measure, her peace of mind; but she never left the house; as if apprehensive that every one she met would read her dishonor in her countenance. Her parents could with difficulty prevail on her to preserve a life that she now considered insupportable. For many days she would scarcely take any nourishment.—Her affection, however, for her parents, and a sense of important duties that would result from her new situation as a mother, at last induced her to acquiesce with resignation in her melancholy lot. As soon as the expected period approached, Don Carlos and his wife hired a small country-house, to which they retired without any servants. Even the assistance of a midwife was not called for; that office was performed by Donna Maria herself. Leucadea was delivered of a beautiful boy. He was carried to the baptismal font by Don Carlos who gave him his own name.—Leucadea, who had looked forward to her new situation with anguish, now felt all the force of maternal tenderness; and the sight of her son became even so necessary to existence, that it was determined to keep him in the house; and to make him pass for the great-nephew of Don Carlos. The family returned to Toledo, where no one had suspected the motive of their absence. The adventure of Rodolpho was unknown. He had left his native city soon after, for Naples; and Leucadea, universally respected and beloved, enjoyed the happiness of the maternal state, with the honors due to the character of the most exemplary virgin.

The little Carlos grew apace, and became more charming every day. His understanding, his manners, were beyond his age, which was not more than seven years. One day, when there was to be a great bull fight, he stood at the door of the house, in order to see the young cavaliers, who were going to fight the bull. He was alone; he wanted to cross the street, to see a party of them who were coming on the opposite side; in an instant, one of the horses run away with the rider, and rode over the poor child, who lay prostrate on the pavement, screaming, and weltering in the blood which flowed from a wound in his head. The people crowded round him; and, on a sudden, a venerable gentleman, followed by a number of servants, who were attending him to the bull fight, saw the child, ran to him, took him in his arms, kissed him, wiped the blood from his face, sent one of his servants for the best surgeon in the city, and hastening through the crowd, took the child to his own house.

Don Carlos, and his wife and daughter, soon heard of the accident. The latter ran into the street, like a distracted person, crying out for her son. Her father with difficulty followed her, entreating her, in vain, not to call him her son. Every one pitied them, and told them the way which the old gentleman had taken. They ran, they flew to his house. They were conducted to the chamber where the child was already under the surgeon's hands. Leucadea arrived the first; she flew to her child; she pressed him to her bosom, bedewed him with tears of joy, and desired to see the wound. The sweet boy, who still crying began to smile, the moment he saw his mother—he caressed her in his wonted way, and assured her he was not ill. The surgeon examined the wound, and pronounced it not dangerous. Leucadea made him repeat it a hundred times, while Don Carlos and his wife returned thanks to the gentleman for his humanity, telling him that the child was their great nephew; and endeavored to excuse the extreme affection which their daughter evinced for him.

When the surgeon had retired, Leucadea still sat on the bedside, and looking round the room, what was her surprise in recollecting the same furniture, the same pictures, which she had eight years before observed by the light of the moon! She beheld the same oratory from which she had taken the crucifix; the tapestry was the same, not a single article was changed. Leucadea had not a doubt that she was in the house, in the very chamber, to which her ravisher had conveyed her. She was thunder-struck at this sight; paleness overspread her face, it was succeeded by a glow-flush; and she fainted away. Every one flew to her assistance; and she was conveyed to her own house. Don Carlos would have brought the child away? but the humane and hospitable gentleman opposed it, entreating that they would not leave him till he was perfectly cured. Don Carlos, intent on his daughter, yielded to these entreaties, and returned to his own house.

The moment they were alone, Leucadea disclosed what she had seen, and assured her parents that this was the house to which her ravisher had carried her. Don Carlos determined immediately to procure every information concerning a person, who was now so very interesting to him. He knew already that the name of the humane gentleman was Don Diego de Santelana; he soon learned that his only son was named Rodolpho; that this son had been at Naples nearly seven years; and that his residence in Italy, it was said, had rendered him as prudent and regular, as he had before been wild and disorderly. It was added, that this young man was the most handsome and accomplished in the city, and that he would have one of the greatest fortunes in Castille.

Don Carlos related this information to his wife and daughter. They could not doubt that this Rodolpho was the person who had dishonored Leucadea, but was it possible to suppose that he would repair the outrage, by giving his hand to a young lady, of a noble family indeed, but almost without a fortune? Don Carlos could not conceive it possible, and was already meditating vengeance. Leucadea entreated him to leave the management of this affair to her. Her father had some difficulty to grant this request; but he yielded at last to her pressing entreaties, and Leucadea became more composed. She reflected maturely on the steps she ought to take. Her son was still at Don Diego's, and treated by that good man with the utmost tenderness.—His wound was cured, and his mother, Don Carlos, and Donna Maria spent whole days with the amiable boy.

One day that, Leucadea was alone with Don Diego, while this good man held little Carlos in his arms, while he kissed him, caressed him, and spoke with complacency of the warm and tender partiality that attached him to the child. Leucadea could not refrain from tears, and endeavored in vain to conceal them. Don Diego inquired why she was so much affected, with such an earnestness of sympathy and friendship, that Leucadea, at last, with downcast eyes, and sobbing, related what had happened in his house, shewed him the crucifix, which Don Diego knew; and concluded by throwing herself at his feet;—"Your son has dishonored me," said she, "devoted me to infamy and wretchedness, and I cannot forbear to love you as the most affectionate of fathers." The little Carlos who beheld Leucadea weeping fell on his knees likewise, extending his arms to Don Diego, and entreated him not to afflict his good cousin; for by that name he called his mother.

Don Diego could not be unmoved at this affecting scene. He raised Leucadea and her son, embraced them, and swore that Rodolpho should never have any other wife than Leucadea. That very day, he wrote to Rodolpho requiring his immediate return to Toledo, where he had found a suitable match for him—Rodolpho left Naples, and arrived at his father's house. It had been previously agreed that Leucadea and her parents should not be present at his arrival.

After the first moments he devoted to the pleasure of this interview, Don Diego introduced the subject to the match, which, he said, he had provided him.—He expatiated on the riches of his intended bride, and concluded by presenting to him a frightful portrait which he had caused to be painted on purpose.—Rodolpho started back with horror, and expostulated with his father on the impossibility of marrying such a woman. Don Diego, with a severe tone, replied that, in marriage, fortune was the only consideration. Rodolpho, on the other hand, inveighed, with great eloquence, against this principle; representing all the miseries of which it had been the cause, and adding, that his only wish had ever been to find a virtuous and amiable wife, on whom he could confer a fortune, and with whom he could enjoy that felicity which riches alone could never give. Don Diego, concealing his joy, affected to combat his son's opinion, when a servant entered to inform him that Don Carlos and his family were come to sup with him.

Never did Leucadea appear so beautiful; it seemed as if, by divine permission, her charms were on that evening to appear in all their lustre. She dazzled the eyes of Rodolpho, who eagerly inquired who was this charming woman. His father pretending not to hear him, hastened to the two ladies, and pre-

ceived, with grief, that the face of Leucadea was covered with a deadly paleness, that her hands trembled in his, and that, at the sight of Rodolpho, she was fainting. In spite of her efforts, her fortitude forsook her, and the tender Leucadea sunk senseless on the floor. Rodolpho ran to her assistance with an ardor and anxiety with which his father was inexpressibly delighted. At length Leucadea came to herself, and they all sat down to supper. During this repast, Rodolpho could not forbear for a moment to contemplate the beautiful stranger. She perceived it; but her eyes could not meet his. She spoke but little; but whatever she said had a grace, a facinating charm, with a certain expression of melancholy that added to the pleasure with which Rodolpho heard every word. The little Carlos, placed near his father never ceased to notice him, as if by any involuntary impulse. He spoke to him: he caressed him; and attracting his attention and tenderness, Rodolpho, delighted with him, said, that the father of such a child might think himself happy.

On rising from the table, Rodolpho, smitten with the charms of Leucadea, took his father aside, and said to him, in a respectful but resolute tone, that no consideration whatever could compell him to marry the person whom that horrid portrait represented. "It must be so, however," answered the father, "unless you can prefer that young lady with whom you have just supped." "That young lady," exclaimed Rodolpho, "I should be the happiest of men if she will condescend to accept my hand!" "And I," returned Don Deigo, "shall be the happiest of fathers, if my son, by this alliance, expatiate the crime with which he has sullied his illustrious name." He then related to Rodolpho what he knew; and drawing from his bosom the crucifix of gold; "Behold, my son," said he, "behold the witness of the horrid crime you have committed." Rodolpho blushed at this recital, and flew to throw himself at the feet of Leucadea—"I have deserved," said he, "your hatred and contempt; but if the most respectful love—if the most sincere penitence, are worthy of some favor, do not refuse my pardon. One word from your mouth will render me, for ever, the vilest and most wretched of men, or the happiest and most affectionate of husbands."

Leucadea, her eyes suffused with tears, beheld him for a moment in silence: "This," said she, with a faultering voice, "this is my answer: may this child be the source of as much felicity to you as he has been misery to his mother." A priest was instantly sent for, with an alcaid and two witnesses; and the wedding took place the same evening.—The beautiful Leucadea was rewarded for her filial piety; and Rodolpho, who had been long reformed, had the further satisfaction of finding, that there is no felicity to be compared to that of virtuous love.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FROM LIVERPOOL.

By the packet ship Leeds, Capt. Stoddard, from Liverpool in 28 days, we have received files to the 25th, inclusive. They contain nothing of any great importance.

It had been rumored on Change that a fresh armament was to sail for Lisbon. The Courier denies its truth. The report arose from the fact of two ships having been ordered to Lisbon, to replace the two which had been lately removed.

Mr. T. P. Courteny, M. P. has been spoken of as the new Secretary of the Treasury, in the place of Mr. Herries, who has been made Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The will, with a codicil, of the Right Honorable George Canning, passed under the seal of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury yesterday; the whole is very short, giving the whole property to Mrs. Canning, and appointing her with the Duke of Portland, executors. The effects are sworn to be under £20,000.

[For fear that some one may sagaciously conjecture that this statement proves that Mr. Canning died poor, we will just say, that it means that the portion of Mr. Canning's property which comes under the operation of the *Legacy Duty*, amounts only to £20,000. It has no reference to his general property.]

A dreadful fire at Jassy, (the capital of Moldavia) has reduced to ashes one-third of that city. Nearly 800 houses, including the palace of the Hospodar with the archives were destroyed. The palaces of the Boiands, Bozoowan, Ghika, Palladi, Killimacki, &c., almost all the warehouses, 15 churches, including the Metropolitan Church and the Catholic Convent, have fallen a prey to the raving element. The damage is beyond calculation. Up to this moment, above 50 dead bodies have been dug out of the ruins. The prince himself had but just time to escape with his family by a back door. Above 10,000 persons have no roof to shelter them, and wander about in despair. It was only by extraordinary exertions that the residence of the Austrian Agent and that of the *Cancellierc*, which is near at hand, were saved. Dreadful beyond description, especially when night set in, was the appearance of an extent of two miles, all in flames.—To these horrors was added the circumstance that it was necessary to release all the malefactors who were in prison, at the dungeon Temnitza, in which they were confined, also caught fire. These wretches, threatened to pillage the remaining part of the city—only the most active exertions of the magistrates and the inhabitants could keep them in check. What a frightful prospect presented itself the following morning, when the sun, appearing as red as blood, rose on the ruins of the unhappy city, and in places which were yesterday the abode of wealth and luxury, we saw only unfortunate wretches crying in despair amid this scene of desolation, or endeavoring to extricate from the rubbish the burnt bodies of their relations.

"At the moment when I close this letter, a part of the city is again in flames. The storm still rages with unabated fury. Omnipotence alone can save us from utter destruction."

Somebody is publishing a collection of Mr. Canning's speeches in 5 volumes. The speeches in the first 3 vols. were corrected by himself.

The last advices from Lisbon, represent the state of that capital as feverish and unsettled. The ebullition of popular feeling, which burst forth on the removal of Saldanha, had subsided, but we may infer that the factious were still alive, from the arrests which continued to take place.

It is with the greatest satisfaction, says a London paper, we announce to the country, that his Grace the Duke of Wellington has accepted his Majesty's gracious offer of the command of the army. The communication, we understand, was conveyed to his Grace (who is now in the country) by the Marquis of Anglesea. The noble Marquis returned last night with his Grace's answer, signifying his acceptance of the proffered dignity.—*Noah's Enquirer.*

The British squadron in the Mediterranean, is composed of three ships of the line, five large frigates, two smaller, five large and eleven small brigs.

A report is spread, that the Gazette of Augsburg (the Allgemeine Zeitung) has ceased to appear. The last number that we have received, is dated the 13th; we do not find in it any notice which gives reason to believe this news.

Lord Cochrane's vessel, the Unicorn, commanded by A. Chrystal, the Admiral's nephew, sailed on the 8th August, from Marseilles for Napoli di Romania.

The Italian Journals announce a general insurrection of the warlike tribes of Epirus. The Turks, harassed by the [illegible] to quit the fortified towns. There was a report that Ibrahim Pacha had experienced a check at Magashilea.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 10

It is reported that an English squadron, with 6000 troops on board, is expected in the Mediterranean, to relieve the garrison at Corfu. Last Saturday, the birth-day of the Emperor Nicholas, was celebrated at Bujakdere. The Russian Ambassador, with his family, went on board an armed Russian transport.

The Russian, English, French, Austrian, and Prussian ministers hold frequent conferences, and couriers are daily coming and going. Mr. Huszar, the first Austrian Dragoman, who had but lately arrived from Vienna, has almost daily conferences with the Turkish ministers.

TRIESTE, Aug. 3.

We learn by a vessel which has arrived in 24 days from Patras, that the Turkish fleet sailed from that harbor on the 12th of July, to go to Modon, where it was to wait for the Egyptian fleet. Two thousand mules had arrived at Patraso, from Albania.

PARIS, Aug. 19.

The Courier Francais, announcing that Col. Gordon, who is on his way from Greece to Scotland, has passed through Paris, adds, that that officer is reported to have given some very unsatisfactory news respecting the affairs of Greece, and, particularly respcting the feelings of the Greeks, who are discouraged. We can make the Courier Francais, and all the friends of Greece, easy on this head. The news of the treaty of intervention, which is at this time confirmed by all the ratifications, has, on the contrary, restored courage and hope to the Greeks. The troops of Ibrahim, and the Turkish army, no longer undertake any operations.

LATEST FROM BRAZIL.

By the Nymph, which arrived yesterday from St. Salvador, letters, papers, &c. to Aug. 18, were received. The British vessels of war, Ganges, 74, and Huron, 18, had arrived there from Rio Janeiro. The latter carried the treaty to Buenos Ayres, and brought back the rejection.

Extract of a letter received at Bahia from Rio Janeiro, dated July 31.

The arrival of Huron, from Buenos Ayres, on the 27th inst. gives intelligence of the rejection of the terms proposed to that Government, and consequently has disappointed all our hopes of peace; which, indeed, no reasonable man could have doubted of, had the terms been made public. They seem those of an arbitrary conqueror to a dejected and helpless people, place in a strong light, the contempt of this Govt. for other nations, and show an imbecility or ignorance on the part of this Ministry, and that of Mr. Gordon, the Br. Minister, under whose patronage they were tendered, quite unlooked for. The Government and People of B. A. rejected them with indignation, and a change of Administration there immediately took place. Don Manuel Garcia, it is said, was obliged to hide himself from popular fury, and Rivadavia resigned the Presidency, which, it is supposed, will bring about an union of the Provinces. We may expect a vigorous prosecution of the war on their part; and privateers will, we apprehend, entirely destroy the Coasting Trade. What course this Court will pursue, we know not; but under their circumstances one would suppose they would immediately accept the best terms they could get, and restore peace to the nation.—This, however, appears not to be thought of, and there is a talk of pushing onward a further equipment of troops, which will probably only tend to exhaust the resources of the Govt. without being sufficiently numerous or effective to turn the tide of fortune, now setting in, strongly, against them. The effect of this state of things in our market is most discouraging. There are but limited sales of any thing making; and it is an unfortunate circumstance to be charged with many consignments. There is no security in sales.—Our Bank Paper has depreciated 50 per ct. and there is an absolute want of produce for return—which, of any description, will not place, at current prices, more than 58 to 60 cts. per dollar in the U. States on cost here. We, consequently, are not in want of imports of any kind. The most abundant in our line, are Wines, Flour and Salt Provisions. Of Flour there are about 13,000 bbls. on hand. Any quotations would be nominal. We do not sell at the rate of 3000 bbls. per month, and the markets at the south, offer no relief to us, although some cargoes must go on, as there is no chance whatever of doing any thing here. The Phœnix will go to Rio Grande, with 150 bbls—several other cargoes are daily looked for from the U. States, and we are possessed with the most gloomy anticipations on the subject of politics, as well as commerce. Our advices from M. Video, are very discouraging for imports, and there is no produce there.

'Admiral Pinto Guedes is said to be appointed to the command of all the land & naval forces for the empire, in the South.'

DOMESTIC.

THE BRITISH FRIGATE HUZZAR.—A person by the name of Fletcher Yetts, who had read in the Edinburgh Observer the accounts of attempts to raise this long sunken ship, and the remarks of Dr. Mitchell upon the preservation of certain articles found in her,—writes to the editor of the Observer a confirmation of the circumstances attending the loss of the ship, but throws a damper on the expectations that many have entertained of finding money. There was indeed, he says, £29,000 on board the ship two days before she was lost, i. e. the 21st November, 1780; but on that day the money was safely landed and delivered into the custody of Commissary General Delancy, and in which operation he (Yetts) assisted, being then a petty officer in the Hussar. The Hussar (he continues) struck on the Post Rock near three o'clock in the afternoon of the 23d November, 1780; and did not go down till she swung several miles up the sound of Hell Gate, where she went down in a bay called the Brothers, at seven in the evening, same day, in seven fathoms water; and a strong current, then running at the rate of nine knots an hour, occasioned the loss, as nearly as could be ascertained, of 107 fine brave fellows, part of her crew.

This statement has called forth a writer in the New-York Statesman, who gives the following "statement of facts" in relation to the Hussar, to which he challenges contradiction:—

Salem Gazette.

The Hussar sailed from the city of New-York, between the hours of ten and eleven, A. M. on a young flood tide, with a light southerly breeze, in the month of November, 1780. She struck against the pot rock at noon of the same day, and sunk about two o'clock, P. M. within 150 feet of the shore of Stony Island, Morrisiana, in ten fathoms of water. The officers and men belonging to the frigate, were mustered on the Shore at Stony Island immediately after, and *thirty* men were missing. On the morning of the same day, before the sailing of the Hussar, 150 000*l.* principally in guineas and half-joes, was put on board her, and with all the private property of both officers and men sunk with the ship.

Evidence in proof of the above statement has been obtained from *eye witnesses*, and from various sources of unquestionable respectability Mr. Ogleby a nephew of Capt. Poole, the commander of the Hussar, who was clerk to the Captain, and also sustained the office of midshipman on board said ship, arrived at the house of a gentleman at Brooklyn (now living) about *four* o'clock the same afternoon the ship sunk, and reported the disaster, with assurances of the money being on board, to the quantity of the above mentioned amount, and that the whole sunk with the ship. Mr. O. remained in New-York until the peace, in 1783 when he left this city in a brig for the West Indies, and has not yet since been heard from by my informant.—During Mr. O.'s three years residence in this city, he was intimate in the family of the gentleman at Brooklyn, and uniformly attested the truth of his first and only statement, which was at the time supported by a sufficiency of corroborating testimony in this city.

An American gentleman, since dead, residing in this city, was an officer on parole at the time, and was present throughout the whole proceeding, of taking the cash from the pay office, loading the carts, accompanying the guard to the ship, saw the money hoisted on board, and the ship immediately sail.

An old gentleman now living in this city, saw the procession of carts, soldiers, &c. on their way to the ship, and learned, by inquiry at the time, the contents of the carts, and their destination.

A lady now living in this city, saw from the window of a neighboring house, the carts loading at the pay office, on the morning the ship sailed, and was told of the destination of the money, &c.

A gentleman residing near the spot, and now living and occupying the same residence, repaired immediately on the sinking of the ship to Stoney Island, and heard the exclamations of the officers and men belonging to the ship, for the loss of the ship and the *money!*

Mr. Swan, the Pilot on board the Hussar, a gentleman who was well known in this city during his life-time, as a man of irreproachable character for veracity, declared, in the most unequivocal language, that the money was on board the Hussar, and sunk with her.

The fact we allege was notorious in this city before sunset of the day the Hussar sailed. A report of it spread throughout the United States, and has been a subject of conversation until the present time. Counter reports have been industriously circulated, evidently with a view to discourage any attempts to recover the lost treasure.

Several of the *thirty* missing men, belonging to the Hussar, have lived in the United States since that event, and have added their testimony in corroboration of our statement.

In addition to the above, inquiries have been made in England, which have resulted in favor of this opinion. The late Governeur Morris, Esq. the proprietor of Stoney Island, was in London during the administration of Mr. Pitt, and having contracted an intimacy with that great statesman, he ventured an interrogatory relative to the frigate Hussar, and received an evasive answer, which went to confirm his previous opinions.

THE HORRIBLE TRADE.

Communication from a naval officer of rank, employed on the coast of Africa.

"BIGHT OF BIAFRA, April 12, 1827.

Yesterday afternoon, after having sent some of my boats into the Calabar river, where I had reason to believe a slaver was on the point of sailing, with a full cargo, a vessel was seen from the royal yard, standing through between Pernando Po and the main land.—Aware that she could be nothing but a slaver I made sail in chase, and though then sun set, I shaped a course so as to cut her off in the night. At one in the morning we got sight of her under a press of sail, but to no effect; for *old Nick himself* will not escape this *darling* ship in light winds. It, however, fell calm, when we were about 4 or 5 miles from her, and I directed the boats, well manned and armed, to attack her.—However, no resistance was made, and at two o'clock one of the boats returned to acquaint me of the capture of the Creole, a Brazilian brig, with a cargo of *three hundred and nine* slaves.

The purport of this letter, my good friend, is not to take up your time with a perusal of my captures, but to make your feeling heart if (possible) more alive than it is to the miseries I have experienced in this slaver, and the torture the unoffending creatures are put to in cold blood, by these execrable villains the Portuguese. In the morning I went on board to see and be a witness to the state the slaves were in. Now, you will bear in mind this vessel is only 85 1-2 tons; that near *one hundred men* were in chains below, and those *chains so rivetted* as to take my people a whole afternoon to let the poor creatures breathe the air aloft. The women and girls were (horrid to relate) branded with an iron, at least one inch in length, with the letter B; and several of these marks must have been done even since they were at sea (but two days,) as several of the younger females were weeping from the pain they still suffered; and I was a melancholy witness to the marks, all of them being a *sore*, and most of them festering, and this, too, not one inch above the *breast*. The men were marked with the same letter B, but on the arm.

As you are ever on the move in the higher circles, do make this cruelty known, that, if possible, these monsters of wanton depravity may be punished. It is too bad, that after the immense sums of money given to that rascally Portuguese government to suppress the slave trade, such enormities should be suffered. I frightened the *beast* of a *master* out of his wits, by getting a red hot iron and putting it close to his cheek; and I verily believe it will have a good effect. I would have given my *ears*, if I could have branded the *villain* on his *forehead* or *cheek*.

Do, my good friend, speak of it to all and every body you think proper; for it is heart-rending to see such cruelty, so barbarously inflicted by those *dealers* in the *human flesh*.

This last capture makes no less than *two thousand four hundred and ninety seven slaves taken and emancipated by this ship alone*. The Calabar and Camerones rivers are now perfectly empty. In the former there is but one vessel, and she is French, and in the latter, none whatever. I hope, therefore, they have felt the last order of our government, to seize them with slave cargoes on board north of the line, and that the slave trade, if not stopped has lately received a severe check. I am off for Sierra Leon in a day or two, in hope of meeting ———, as the thunder and lightning in the vicinity of these rivers and the immense mountains, has for the last week been terrific. The rainy season is also beginning, which is alone sufficient to drive any one out of these sad bights. In addition to the Creole I have sent up for adjudication the last month no less than seven vessels, all laden with slave cargoes, and it has almost cleared the bights. *Niles Register.*

DISCOVERY IN AFRICA.—The following is an extract of a letter from Mr. Ashmun, Agent of the Colonization Society, to the Board at Washington:

"An excursion of one of our people into the interior, to the distance of about 140 miles, has led to a discovery of the populousness and comparative civilization of this district of Africa, never till within a few months, even conjectured by myself. The same individual is now absent on a second journey: the particulars of both, I hope to be able to present to the board by the next conveyance. In the mean time it may not be without interest to observe that we are situated within fifty leagues of a country in which a highly improved agriculture prevails; where the horse is a common domestic animal; where extensive tracts of land are cleared and enclosed; where every article absolutely necessary to comfortable life is produced by the soil or manufactured by the skill and industry of the inhabitants; where the Arabic is used as a written language in the ordinary commerce of life; where regular and abundant markets and fairs are kept, and where a degree of intelligence and partial refinement distiguishes the inhabitants, little compatible with the personal qualities attached in the current notions of the age to the people of Guinea."

AMERICAN ENTERPRIZE.

Extract of a letter from Capt. Cunningham, dated St. Diego, Dec. 1826.

"There has arrived at this place Capt. Jedediah S. Smith, with a company of Hunters, from St. Louis, on the Missouri. These hardy adventurers have been 13 months travelling their route, and have suffered numerous hardships. They have often had death staring them in the face—sometimes, owing to the want of sustenance; at others, to the numerous Savages which they have been obliged to contend with. Out of 50 horses which they started with, they brought only 18 in with them, the others having died on the road for want of food and water.

Does it not seem incredible that a party of fourteen men, depending entirely upon their rifles and traps for subsistence, will explore this vast continent, and call themselves happy when they can obtain the tail of a Beaver to dine upon? Capt. Smith is now on board the Courier, and is going with me to St. Pedro to meet his men; from thence he intends to proceed northward in quest of Beaver, and return afterwards to his deposit in the Rocky Mountains."

[St. Diego and St. Pedro are ports in California, W. Coast of America, near 3000 miles from Boston.] *Pal.*

Paddy's ride on the Railway.—The Lehigh coal mines are situated on a mountain, about 9 miles from the river, at an elevation of near 1000 feet above it. A rail road has been extended from the mines to the river, along the side of the mountain, down which the coal is conveyed in cars, which descend by their own weight. The velocity of their descent would be almost incredible, were it not for a regulating power, subject to the control of the conductor of the cars. In addition to the coal cars, are others for carrying off the earth and rubbish with which the coal is covered. They are so constructed that, when they have descended near to the foot of the mountain, where the railway crosses a deep ravine, a catch on the side of the rail knocks out a pin and lets the bottom of the car, which is hung on hinges, drop and discharge its contents into the abyss, fifty or sixty feet below. A short time since, three Paddies, fresh from their own "swate Ireland" visited the place, and, while the workmen were at dinner, determined on having a ride. They accordingly got into one of the dirt carts and let it loose from the fastening. Not knowing how to regulate the velocity, away they went, John like, at the rate of half a mile a minute. This was fine sport till, on a sudden the bottom dropped and deposited them, without any material injury, among the rubbish below, from which they looked up, in unspeakable consternation and dismay, at this unexpected termination of their ride.—*Worcester Spy*

THE OBSERVER.

NORWAY;

THURSDAY, MORNING, OCT. 4, 1827.

FACTS.—In the JEFFERSONIAN of the 26th ultimo, is a statement of *some* of the difficulties that have attended their establishment of late, in which the *editor* says he "*simply* states the facts," which *we* shall endeavor "to correct."

The *editor* of the *Jeffersonian* says, that—

"Last winter after the removal of the Observer to *Norway*, several of the republicans of this place [Paris] were anxious that a paper, established upon democractic principles, should be published here."

Now, the truth of the case is, that there were some *two* or three persons who were not satisfied with the course pursued by the publisher of the *Observer*, for this plain reason: that he held the columns of that paper "open to all," which was given as a cause in the *prospectus* for the *Jeffersonian*, for establishing another paper, and we need not say, that *this* remark of theirs was perfectly *congenial* with the disposition that they have manifested whenever an opportunity presented. For the truth of *this* statement we appeal to gentlemen who have had occasion, in their business to come into contact with *certain* persons, who *would* like to *rule* the County.

Another fault with the *Observer* was, that it would not support General JACKSON for the Presidency; therefore *these* REPUBLICANS who wished to lord it over the County of Oxford, with a few *Jackson Federalists* amalgamated with *one* or two others, who have been noted for "becoming all things to all men," united for ONCE, to establish another paper in this County, and if possible to destroy the *Observer*, because we did not think it proper to place the press under their control and management. For the truth of this, we leave it with the public to judge, who have observed the proceedings of this *junto* for the last six months.

The editor of the *Jeffersonian* further says, that—

"Before the end of six months, he [Mr. Dingley] came forward and stated his inability to meet his payments as they became due or to continue the paper longer without assistance. While attempts were making by individuals who wished that the paper might be continued, to affect an arrangement for that purpose an attachment was made at midnight and the press and types removed to *Norway*, and lodged in the office of the *Oxford Observer!*"

As to the first part of the statement here made, *we* do *not* know but that it *may* be correct, and shall leave it for *Mr. Dingley*, the publisher, to state; but *we do* know, that we were called upon by a personal friend of Mr. Dingley a few days *before* the attachment was made, and informed, that these *same* gentlemen were making "arrangements" to take the *press* and *types* into their possession, for some small debts due them from Mr. Dingley. And this statement was corroborated by the observations of one of the *journeymen* in the office of the *Jeffersonian*, on the morning the apparatus belonging to it was removed, that "*The Boston folks were a little to quick for you, gentlemen!*"

It is *also* true that the press and types were removed to the office of the *Observer*, and,

"The inhabitants of this place [Paris] who felt an interest in the paper, being ignorant of what had been done until the next morning, were prevented from receipting for the property."

We have no manner of doubt but that *those gentlemen* "who felt an interest for the paper" would have been pleased to have receipted for the press and types, and then had the use of them until *January*, at which time the writ was *returnable*, and then had them sold on *execution* so that *these* gentlemen might have purchased them at a low rate, thereby preventing the Boston Creditors of Mr. Dingley from receiving but a small part of their demand. But being *defeated* in this, the editor of the *Jeffersonian* now says,

"That the object intended to be effected by this transaction was the destruction of this paper, rather than the security of the debt."

And what is "confirmation strong" to him is, that

"The nominal editor of the Observer had foretold a few days previous to the attachment that the *Jeffersonian* would shortly be stopped, and that another number would not be printed."

Now, it is our candid opinion, that it would not require a person to have a spirit of *prophecy*, or to be in possession of the *black art*, to predict the downfall of a paper got up as was the *Jeffersonian*, by a *few* choice spirits, who have almost constantly been at variance among themselves, each wishing to occupy the chief place in the synagogue, and supported by about *three hundred* subscribers—and that number fast decreasing. We are willing to leave it with our peers to say, whether there is any thing like *witchcraft* in our making the observations, which the editor of the *Jeffersonian* attributes to us, taking into consideration *all* these circumstances, and adding thereto, our own knowledge of the publisher, being called upon for money, which as the editor of the *Jeffersonian* says he could not pay "without assistance."

And for ourselves we cannot see what cause *these gentlemen* have to complain of us, in this affair, when Mr. Dingley was the *real* owner and proprietor of the paper; and that *he does not* think our conduct unfair in this case we refer to his statement of the transaction published in another part of this paper. And the Boston creditors of Mr. Dingley have expressed their entire satisfaction in the proceedings, and *they* as well as *we*, were fully convinced that, it was not only the *best*, but the *only* course that could be taken in order to secure to them, the amount of the purchase money of the establishment. Therefore if *both* parties are satisfied, what reason have *these* gentlemen to *complain*, unless we are right in our conjectures respecting their wishes, to get the press, &c into their possession, for much less than its original cost or just value.

We have a closing observation to make to the remark of the editor of the *Jeffersonian*, respecting the *nominal* editor of the Observer. We can inform him that the *nominal* editor of the Observer *is* and ever *has* been, the *real* editor, except for the term of *twenty-three* weeks, when we, and our readers, were blessed with the labors of the *talented* editor of the *Jeffersonian*, for which services, we have his receipt in full. Whether the fickle goddess will ever give us an opportunity of employing another *equal* to him, we know not, but if it should ever present itself, we should be willing to make almost any sacrifice to *secure* so great a favor.

LEAD MINES.—We have been informed that a lead ore has been found in Shelburne, N. H. of a quality much superior to that which is generally found in mines, which yield that which is considered good. We have seen a piece of it, which, if it is any thing like a fair specimen, would lead us to conjecture that it is very pure. We have not learnt that it has yet been examined sufficiently to ascertain the extent of its bed; but have been informed that it is supposed to be very abundant.

We have also conversed with a gentleman of high respectability, who informed us that the lead mine owned by *Hon. J. W. Ripley*, of Fryeburg, in Eaton, N. H. was very extensive, and that Doct. Webster, of Harvard University, had visited it the present season, and pronounced the ore to be of a superior quality to any that had ever come under his observation.—Our readers will recollect that Doct. Webster must be well qualified for a judge in things of this kind, as he is Lecturer of Chemistry in Harvard University.

ALL IS FAIR IN POLITICS.—This seems to be the motto of some of the choice spirits, who are opposed to our present National Government, and so far have some practised on it in Kentucky and Tennessee, that in the district, in the former State, heretofore represented by Mr. F. Johnson, in the Congress of the United States, that about two hundred and fifty persons who lived in the adjoining State of Tennessee, came to the polls at the recent election, and actually voted for Mr. Yancey, who by that means obtained a majority of *ninety-nine* votes. It is said that the election of Mr. Yancey will be contested. It will be recollected by our readers that Gen. JACKSON resides in Tennessee, and that Mr. Johnson is a firm supporter of the present Administration.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.—Judge Whitman closed the September Term of this Court at Paris, last week, after a session of two days.—There were about one hundred new entries on the civil side of the docket. The Grand Jury returned no bills, nor were any complaints laid before them. Informations were filed against seven towns in the County for bad roads.

SAMUEL MOODY, Esq. was admitted at this term to practise as an Attorney.

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT, &c.—The Supreme Judicial will commence its October Session in Paris, on Tuesday next. The Court of Sessions will also be holden at the same time and place.

The Regiment of Militia commanded by Col. SAMUEL H. KING, will parade for inspection and review, near Stowell's Mills on Monday next.

COMMUNICATION.

FOR THE OXFORD OBSERVER.

To the Editor of the Jeffersonian.

Observing in your last paper, a representation in reference to my late misfortune, so much at variance from truth, I deem it a duty I owe to myself as well as others whom you would implicate, to take some notice of your remarks.—When I at first undertook the publication of the Jeffersonian, it was done at the solicitation of those who pretended to be my friends, who promised a good list of Subscribers, and, if necessary, other aid—in which I am now compelled to say, I have found myself imposed upon.—While I have to acknowledge the kindness of many good friends in the County of Oxford, I feel myself fully exonerated from any debt of gratitude or obligation to *some* of the *gentlemen* on Paris Hill, with whose deceptive smiles I have been betrayed into all my misfortunes.

You say truly, that "before the end of six months I came forward and stated my inability to meet my payments as they became due or to continue the paper longer without assistance." I did so state to those gentlemen, whose misrepresentations alone had reduced me to the disagreeable and mortifying situation. And what return did I receive? Instead of affording the least aid, they did all in their power to render my prospects more gloomy and to hasten my ruin. It is *not true* that fair and honorable attempts were made by my late *very* patriotic and benevolent patrons to effect any arrangement for my relief; but on the contrary all propositions from me to them having a tendency to this object, were treated with marked neglect, and I now have but too good reason for the belief, that had not my honest creditors attached my Press in the evening, it would have been attached by my very honorable patrons on the succeeding morning. I do not believe that any individual concerned in making the attachment of my Press, had any other object than the security of an honest debt. I did not, to be sure, apply to *these* gentlemen to receipt for my property or become my sureties at the time of my difficulties, and they know very well the reason. I had before applied to them as long as their aid would have been of any service to me and been always treated with disdain; I now preferred the humanity of my creditors to the generosity of these my pretended friends.

I have no occasion to complain of my creditors, nor of any individual who represented their interests. I do not entertain a doubt, but they would have taken security for their debt, on a long credit, before the Press was removed, if it had been in my power to have given it. The present Proprietors of the *Jeffersonian* know full well, that the Attorney who filled the writ, and the officer who laid the attachment, afforded them every facility, after they had determined on the redemption of the Press. In conclusion, I have only to request, that, in reference to this unhappy affair, you would in any remarks you may make, confine yourself to the simple truth.

CHARLES DINGLEY.

Paris, Sept. 29, 1827.

A writer in the last Boston Patriot speaks as follows, concerning the late British premier:—

"The *Right Honorable* GEORGE GRENVILLE, the *reputed* father of our odious *stamp act*, was not in himself, so great an enemy to the prosperity of the North American Colonies as George Canning seemed to be to the prosperity of these United States. Mr. Canning presumed upon his knowing all about us: and well he might after having our country pervaded and pryed into by travelling members of parliament, and wandering Dukes, *cum multis aliis* on the same scent;—towards whom we have always felt and acted, very differently from the wise policy of the Chinese; who never take pains to magnify their riches, power and resources as we do. Let us extend towards British subjects who visit us, the utmost rules of hospitality, and that generosity of sentiment which is consistent with our national character; but may we never forget, that the increased and increasing power of the United States can never excite very pleasant feelings in the breast of *English Patriots*, among whom shone conspicuous the lamented *George Canning*."

A CURIOSITY.—The British embassy, who visited Ava in October of last year, give the following accuunt of a singular *lusus naturæ*, whom they saw in the capitol.

In the department of curiosities, may be mentioned the existence at Ava, of a man covered from head to foot with hair, whose history is not less remarkable than that of the celebrated porcupine man who excited so much curiosity in England, and other parts of Europe, near a century ago. The hair on the fach of this singular being, the ears included, is shaggy and about eight inches long. On the breast and shoulders it is from four to five. It is singular that the teeth of this individual are defective in number; the molares, or grinders, being entirely wanting. This person is a native of the Shan county, or Lao, and from the banks of the upper portion of the Saluen or Martaban river: he was presented to the king of Ava, as a curiosity, by the Prince of that country. At Ava he married a pretty Burmese woman, by whom he has two daughters. The eldest resembles her mother, the youngest is covered with hair, like her father, only that it is white or fair, whereas his is brown or black, having however, been fair when a child, like that of the infant. With the exceptions mentioned, both the father and the child are perfectly well formed, and, indeed, for the Burman race, rather handsome. The whole family were sent by the King to the residence of the Mission, where drawings and descriptions of them were taken.

A DESPERATE VILLAIN!—We mentioned in our last, the apprenension and confinement in our County Prison, of a villain by the name of *Lawrence*, charged with the crime of arson. Scarce had he reached his new quarters, before we find him committing a similar offence, by which not only his own life, and that of many others, was placed in jeopardy, but the peace and quiet of our city greatly disturbed. The wretch, on Thursday night last, about 11 o'clock, fired the building in which he was confined! A lad confined in the same room with Lawrence, who had become almost suffocated with the smoke and heat, was the first to give the alarm. The fire-companies and our citizens generally immediately repaired to the spot, and soon subdued the flames. The incendiary was doubtless prompted to this act by the hope of effecting his escape in the confusion that would ensue. But he is now in double irons, awaiting his trial; and if he is not doomed to make his exit on the gallows, he will at least be placed in a situation where he can no longer jeopardize the lives of our citizens.

American Mercury.

VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.—The Russian corvette Krotky, commanded by Baron Wrangel, just returned from a voyage round the world, upon which she has been employed about two years, has arrived at the Motherbank. Dr. Kyber has brought with him many objects of natural history, and has succeeded in bringing alive to Europe, many plants hitherto unknown. When off the Marquesas, the savages killed, and very likely devoured, an officer and two men. They were murdered by the natives without any provocation. Another man was killed by a musket-ball in the pinnace, while employed in picking up three men who had jumped out of the boat to swim to the ship. Baron Wrangel is the same distinguished officer who, accompanied by Dr. Kyber, explored the previously unknown north-eastern Coast of Asia to Beering's Straits from the river Kolyma, upon which they were employed about 4 years, the account of which is expected to be now publishing at St. Petersburgh. This was the expedition which the late Capt. Cochrane went from Irkutzk, about 4000 miles, on foot, to join.—This voyage has afforded another practical and additional proof of the extraordinary accuracy and perfection to which Messrs. Parkinson and Frodsham have brought their chronometers, two of which were bought by the Imperial Government for this voyage, one of which, when delivered, was losing in mean time half a second per day, and at present is losing one second and three tenths, and during the whole intermediate time of circumnavigating the globe, never exceeded two seconds, losing. The other's original rate was one second and a half gaining, and its regular and progressive increase has never exceeded three seconds and eight-tenths, balancing each other's errors (if errors they can be called,) in the most surprising manner. Baron Wrangel adds, that his vessel was by no means calculated to give chronometers a favorable trial, being small and subject to considerable motion. These chronometers have been out two years, and in the greatest extremes of temperature.

ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.—Capt. J. N. Reynolds, the pupil of Symmes, and who, it is said, has stolen his master's trade, has announced, in one of the Baltimore papers, that final arrangements have been made for the commencement of the long talked of polar expedition.—A contract has been made with an experienced naval architect, for the construction of a suitable vessel, and the expedition is expected to sail in the course of the "coming season."—But another vessel is wanted to accompany the expedition as a tender, and for the purpose of obtaining such an one, he makes an appeal to the citizens of the United States. He says, "there are more than a million and a half of square miles, which have never been explored, and a coast of more than three hundred degrees of longitude, in which the antarctic circle has never been approached."

N. E. Palladium.

LONGEVITY.—On the morning of Thursday last, a Highlander of the name of John Macdonald, expired in his son's house, in the Lawnmarket, at the advanced age of 107. He was born in Glen Tinisdale, in the Isle of Sky, and, like the other natives of that quarter, was bred to rural labor. Early one morning, when looking after his black cattle, he was surprised by the sight of two ladies, as he thought, winding slowly round a hill and approaching the spot where he stood. When they came up, they inquired for a well or stream, where a drink of water could be obtained. He conducted them to the "Virgin Well," an excellent spring, which was held in great reverence on account of its being the scene of some superstitious and legendary tales. When they had quenched their thirst, one of the ladies rewarded Macdonald with a shilling, the first silver coin of which he was possessed. At their own request, he escorted them to a gentleman's house, at some distance; and there, to his great surprise and satisfaction, he learned that the two "ladies" were Flora Macdonald and Prince Charles Stewart. This was the proudest incident in Macdonald's patriarchal life—and, when surrounded by his Celtic brethren, he used to dilate on all the relative circumstances with a sort of hereditary enthusiasm and more than the common garrulity of age. He afterwards turned joiner, and bore a conspicuous part in the building of the first Protestant Church which was erected in the Island of North Uist. He came to Edinburgh twenty-three years ago, and continued to work at his trade till he was 97 years of age. He was a temperate, regular living man, and never paid a sixpence to a surgeon for himself, nor had an hour's sickness in the whole course of his life. He used to dance regularly on New Year's days, along with some Highland friends, to the bagpipe. On New Year's day, 1825, he danced a reel with the father, the son, the grandson, and great-grandson, and was in more than his usual spirits. His hearing was nothing impaired, and till within three weeks of his demise, without glasses he could have threaded the finest needle with facility.—*Scotsman.*

STOP A ROGUE.—It will be seen by an advertisement in this day's paper, that a prisoner by the name of ROLFE, has made his escape from the Goal in this town. It appears that he made an arrangement with a small girl living in Col. Sevey's family, the Keeper of the Prison, and that she, after the family had retired to bed, entered the sleeping room of Col. Sevey, took the key and released the prisoner from his uncomfortable lodgings. Rolfe was committed on the charge of stealing Gen. McCobb's horse, some time since. We hope that the citizens of the several towns in the State will be on the look out for this fugitive from justice, and that the several Editors in the State will notice him in their columns.—*Wiscasset Int.*

☞It is expected that Rev. Mr. More will preach in the Schoolhouse in this village, on Thursday evening, at early candle lighting, October 4.

Married,

In Hallowell, Mr. Ephraim Tripp of Waterville to Mrs. Olive Clark.

In Topsham, Mr. John Haley, 1st, bachelor, aged 60, to Miss Nancy Higgins, aged 30.

Died,

In this Village, on the 1st inst. Daniel H. son of Mr. Daniel Holt.

In No. 15, Mr. Rob't Dyer, aged about 35, killed by Lightning. He was setting in his house in a thunder shower, and got up and went to the front door; the lightning at that moment struck the chimney, followed the roof and doorpost down and struck the man upon the head and followed his side, down into his shoe, which it rent in pieces, and killed him instantly. His daughter, about 16 years of age, as well as the house, was considerably injured. Mr. Dyer was an industrious and respectable man, and has left a wife and seven children to weep over this sudden and afflictive bereavement. "In the midst of life we are in death."

TWENTY DOLLARS

REWARD!!

BROKE from the Jail in *Wiscasset*, on the night of the 16th inst.

DAVID ROLFE.

He is 20 years of age, 5 feet 5 inches high, dark complexion, wore a short, snuff colored coat. Whoever will apprehend said ROLFE and bring him to the Jail, shall receive the above reward and all expenses paid.

SAMUEL SEVEY, *Jailer.*

Wiscasset, Sept. 27, 1827.

To the Hon. Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Maine in Legislature to be assembled at Portland on the first Wednesday of January, A. D. 1828.

YOUR Petitioners, Inhabitants of the town of Dixfield, in the County of Oxford, beg leave respectfully to represent, that it would be for the interest and convenience of said town, that the part of said town lying west of the dividing line between Lots Number sixteen and seventeen, in said town should be set off from said town of Dixfield, and annexed to the town of Mexico; and we therefore pray the Hon. Legislature aforesaid to pass an act effecting that object. And as in duty bound would ever pray.

JAMES M. WILLIAMS, & 19 others.

Dixfield, September 14th, 1827. 170.

NOTICE.

MONEY WANTED

BY the subscriber; for which he is under the necessity of calling on all who are indebted to him, by note or account, to make immediate payment, otherwise their notes & accounts will be left with an Attorney for collection, without distinction, excepting agreements made to the contrary—as being called on for large sums, he cannot avoid the collection as above.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Norway, Sept, 1, 1827. 6w * 167

GRAVE STONES.

JOSEPH THOMPSON

WOULD inform the inhabitants of Norway and vicinity, that he will execute GRAVE STONES of all sizes, in a neat manner, in a handsome and superior style of workmanship, and at prices *lower* than at Portland. Orders left with ASA BARTON, Esq. who will give the necessary information, will be attended to.

Hartford, Aug. 31, 1827. 6w 166

CLOTH DRESSING,

IMPROVED.

THE subscribers would respectfully inform their customers, and the public generally, that they have in operation a NEW AND *IMPROVED MACHINE*, for shearing Cloth—by which, it may be done in the best possible manner, and much superior to any other Machine in this State, (except *one* of like kind, there being only two in Maine.)—They therefore, with the greatest confidence, invite all persons who have cloth to dress, to call and examine their machine, and cloth which they have finished, and see for themselves, if it does not, on comparison, look *superior* to any they have before seen. They are determined to do all in their power to make their style of work, the permanency of their colors, and the terms of payment such "that none shall go away dissatisfied."

S. & A. MILLETT.

Norway Village, Aug. 14, 1827. tf 163

FOR SALE AT THE

Oxford Bookstore,

Norway,

A GREAT variety of BLANKS—such as Mortgage, Quitclaim and Warrantee Deeds—Powers of Attorneys—Leases—Sheriffs and Constables' Bail Bonds—Administrators, Collectors & Sheriffs' Deeds—Bonds—Court Writs and Executions—Justices' Writs and Executions—Trustee Writs—Confession Notes—Confession Executions—Town Clerk's Blanks, &c. &c.

☞Attorney's Blanks of all kinds on hand and sold at reasonable prices. Oct. 2.

Poetry.

SELECTED FOR THE OBSERVER.

COLLECTION AT A TEA PARTY.

Ere the collection doth begin
Some one invites her neighbors in,
To take with her a dish of Tea,
Made of the finest of bohea;
And when the Ladies thus have met,
Then just at night the table's set—
They gather round with decent care—
"Come, you'r the oldest, you sit there,"
"Oh, that's no matter, sit down, do."
So after compliments are through,
Some one begins to talk—another
Strikes some notes above the other—
No one can hear a word they say,
Nor can they hear themselves; yet they
Keep on in this exalted tone
Together all, yet all alone.
The first has done, the next but half—
The first now thinks 'tis time to laugh,
And so begins, "Te he, Te he:"
Another joins as loud as she,
But cannot give a reason why,
T'is better for to laugh than cry,
The laugh increases, till, however,
One strains above the rest, "I never,
"I'm quite discouraged, I don't see
"You ever mean to visit me;
"My husband now is gone from home,
"So now I think you ought to come—
"You cry, the rest you owed before,
"We saw you last, two visits more,
"And you owe me, and you owe me,"
So round it goes, yet none agree.
And when the long dispute is past,
Nothing concluded on at last,
It seems amazing strange to me,
They feel so well for drinking tea,
For if a foreigner should come,
He'd think they'd all been drinking rum.
A little child begins to cry;
"Whist!" says its mother, "give it pie;"
The rest come flocking and are fed
With pie, and cake, and gingerbread.
"Why," says another, "keep away,
"Don't you know better, you should stay
"Till we are done." The child, although,
Determines that he will not go,
"Well, stay here then if you'll be still,"
The child won't promise that he will,
He sees the cake and layeth hold—
The mother now begins to scold,
The child don't care, but lets her teaze,
And seizes at a plate of cheese.
"Do give me that, I will have some,
"The bigest piece, that lies here, mum,"
Now seeing he don't mind commands,
She seizes him and holds his hands,
And says to smooth the matter o'er,
"You never acted so before;
"My child's not well I certain know,
"If well he'd not have acted so."
Then some ironical complaint
Answers instead of a restraint.
Says one, "I thinks the time is come,"
"So," says the next, "we must go home."
And, as they gather round the door,
They tune up louder than before.
"When will you come, I am afraid
"My visit will not be repaid."
So all invite and all reply,
To visit soon they mean to try,
And flock off home in usual form,
And the next day comes on a storm.

VARIETY.

MARRIAGE.

I have often remarked the eagerness of all classes of people to read or hear the accounts of marriages. 'So John has taken to himself a wife' (cries Sue.) 'Ah! there has been a wedding' (cries another.) 'Lackaday!' (exclaims an old lady) 'so Betty has got a husband at last.' And each is anxious to know all the particulars; who married them; who was there; how the bride was dressed, and so on. On such occasions, I have particularly noticed, that the men seem to sympathize chiefly with the bridegroom, from the cause probably that each has been, or expects to be, in the same delicate and interesting situation. There is no circumstance in life half so interesting as that of entering into the holy bond of wedlock. A choice is made of a companion for life, for good or evil, for prosperity or adversity, for weal or wo, or, in the good old set terms of ceremonial, 'for better or for worse.' Then, too, the new clothes, the solemn ceremony, the wedding banquet, and the nameless delights appertaining thereto, mark this period of life beyond others. Looking forward through the kaleidoscope of hope, it presents to the young imagination an infinite variety of splendid and beautiful imagery, which charms like illusions of the Persian genii in the fairy tales. The young man hopes his turn may come; and I dare not sketch the picture his fancy draws. The girl, from budding fifteen, through blushing twenty, up to ripened womanhood, feels, as she hears the account of a wedding, a soft thrill, vibrating like the treble chord of a piano, through every nerve of her susceptible frame. Her bosom throbs quicker; she breathes with a hurried respiration, yet not painfully; no image that she need blush for ever casts its pre-ing form across her pure mind, yet she blushes; her eye brightens; her lips assume a deeper stain of strawberry; she laughs, and wonders what ails her, or how she is interested. The old married people are differently affected; and yet they are affected. Memory is busily employed in brushing away the cobwebs of time (and that time is a very illustrious spider) from the picture of their connubial bliss; the husband chucks his deary under the chin, and, instead of addressing himself to her as 'Mrs. Mautley,' or whatever her name be, calls her by her virgin name, 'My dear Lucy Howard;' and she answers with a modest caress, that speaks most eloquently of the days gone by. Meanwhile, the old bachelor and old maid forget the cold is not big enough for them. The old codger, whom no one pities, but every body in turn laughs at as a fusty old bachelor, very probably recalls to recollection one, who, in the days of youth, reciprocated with him the tenderest feelings of affection; one who listened to the music of his voice with delight; who watched his coming with anxious eye; whose ready ear distinguished the sound of his footsteps from among an hundred; who loved, promised, withered before the nuptial hour gave him a right to pillow her throbbing head in his bosom, and died. Or the lone virgin designated by the unfeeling world as 'an old maid,' may mourn, in the depth of suppressed grief, a ruddy, youth of manly brow and gallant bearing, whom the caverns of the ocean have entombed, or who, dead to his plighted faith, may have sought in the arms of wealth for that happiness which true love alone can impart. All are interested.

The self interests, as well as the sympathies, of all are concerned. The minister or the magistrate is required to perform the ceremony; the merchant to supply silks and satins, and the mantuamaker and tailor to make up the bridal dresses; the cabinet-maker and chair-maker to furnish the house, as well as the carpenter, the joiner, and the mason to build it. The doctor, the nurse, and the schoolmaster, the shoemaker, the victualer, and the poulterer, and the Lord knows who, are all necessary; and even the printer, who publishes the marriages, is useful in his way.

On full consideration, I see that there is abundant reason for the interest everybody takes in a wedding; and I hear it whispered by those who understand the signs of the times, that there will be more weddings the present year and the year to come, than there have been for many years past.—*Philadelphia Ariel.*

KISSING THE BRIDE.

The following letter is from a bride to the Editor of a Massachusetts paper.

Sir—I herewith send a bit of wedding cake. I am in a very bad humor, I assure you; which you know ought not to be, the very day one is married. It is not at my husband, though, dear good man he is. Oh! I was vexed beyond endurance last evening. That vile practice! Would you believe it? An hundred and fifty kisses! of all sorts and sizes, fair and foul, from old and young, from male and female! Faugh! could any bride endure all that and preserve her temper? Such cargoes of snuff! such showers of tobacco spittle, such fumes of tobacco smoke! No poor man covered with vermin was ever more drenched. If this fashion of the whole company kissing the bride must be followed, in the name of all that's decent, let old grand-daddies burn out their pipes before they offer to poke them under your very nose. And those whose throats are at best so many sepulchres, I would advise, before they go to a wedding, to fill their pockets with cloves, cinnamon, or coriander seed, and commence chewing at least an ounce before the marriage ceremony begins.

Only think of a poor creature standing up an hour and a half after the blessed knot was tied, only to be nozzled and slobbered over by all the masculine gender of the neighborhood! Only think of a delicate, modest female, standing like a target, the object of all the lipshots of a large corps of militai! and then I thought I should have dropped down with fatigue; I verily believe I used an ounce of hartshorn to keep me from fainting. But vexed as I was, Mr. Editor, I could not, to gain the whole world, help from laughing sometimes at the queer spectacle we all made. And you would have laughed too, if you had been there. Only imagine, if you please, the chief person of the group, me, Dorothy Daffodil, at the right hand of my dear spouse; and a crowd of men, like a swarm of flies round a cup of molasses, all pressing forward and making up their lips ready for a smack; and then one after another, poking their snouts into my very face, and me wiping my face every whipstitch to appear a little decent. But the most ludicrous part of the exhibition was to see a bashful fellow go thro' the manœuvres. Like a shy trout venturing up to the bait—advancing a little, and then darting back among the reeds—you might behold the poor man with heart beating audibly, coming forward with a cautious step, stooping sometimes through fear, or slipping behind the friendly corporation of some broad backed fellow a little ahead. Having advanced within a yard or so, you might see him as if afraid his courage would fail by delay. Dart forward from behind his shelter, snatch a kiss, and be off in the twinkling of an eye. But alas! ludicrous as it may appear, my poor cheek had to suffer in consequence of it, and even now bears the mark inflicted on it by Simon Snaggletooth.

Some of the old fellows must needs buss me they said on both sides of my face—and some of them said my breath was as a rose in October, and others, that it was as fragrant as a load of new made hay. Some of the old fellows, with one foot in the grave, and the other on the brink, said they kissed my grandmother and my mother, and now I suppose they think they have capped the climax of gallant exploits by nozzling over me as though I was a mere baby.

I pitied my poor husband, poor man, to be obliged to stand and look on as silly as a fool, and see his new married wife gaumed over. I believe in my soul he would have knocked down half a dozen of my persecutors, had he been left to the guidance of his own unadulterated feelings instead of being restrained by the rules of etiquette. But, Mr. Editor, after all my sufferings and vexations, here I am alive, and I pray heaven I never may be married again, till the custom of kissing the bride by wholesale is done away.

SELF-NOMINATION.

The following is part of an electioneering address from the Mobile Register. It will prove the benefits which result from the old system of caucus nominations. The success of such self nominated Candidates would soon plunge the country into irretrievable ruin.

[PRO BONO PUBLICO.]

To the Seizens of Tuscalucia County & town

The Seizens of Tuscaluca has Solisited my approbation to offer myself as a Candidate for the next Ensuing Election for a seet in the house of Commons as being a man acquainted with doing business from Early life you are herby informed at the age of fifteen years old I was put on the muster role and in two weeks was made the first serJant of the compeney to which I Be Longed by vote of a Large majority and then went on to Rise by grade and as soon as I was twenty one was sent to newbern to attend the Jeneral Corts there which did Business for ten counties where I served for fifteen years untill the corts sistem was altered and then attended the corts in the differant counteys untell I Left Northcarolina; In Eighteen hundred and four I was Elected a State Magistrate one of the governers Counsell where I served In that Station untell I Left Northcarolina and moved to the State of Tennessee then from there here to Tuscalucia where I am now a sitezen for fifteen months and Expects to Remain the Rest of my days having the lot on which I Live my own and howses that hear is my home onley give me the Oppertunities to display my tallants, onley, give me your votes for once and then if I Cant please you then chose some other person But I pleased the people In Northcarolina and why not please you here in Alabama and in Tuscalucia Remain your friend and well wisher untell dearth.

DDR. JOHN KILLINGWORTH.

[*Impressum verbatim, literatim et punctuatim.*]

HENRY CLAY.

The following precious *morceau*, we believe, will not only excite the admiration of the friends of Mr. Secretary Clay, but will also present a beautiful specimen of the most distinguishing characteristics of this great man. A few years since, shortly after the agitation of the famous compensation bill in Congress, Mr. Clay, who voted in favor of this bill, upon returning home to his constituents, found a formidable opposition arrayed against his re-election. After addressing the people from the Hustings, previous to the opening of the poll, he stepped down into the crowd, where he met an old an influential friend of his, named Scott, one of the first settlers of Kentucky, and of course, in his younger days, a great huntsman. This gentleman, stepping up, addressed Mr. Clay as follows:

'Well, well, Harry, I've been with you in six troubles; I am sorry I must now desert you in the seventh; you have voted for that miserable *compensation bill*;—I must now turn my back upon you.' 'Is it so friend Scott?' 'Is this the only objection?' 'It is.' 'we must get over it the best way we can. You are an old huntsman?' 'Yes.' 'You have killed many a fat bear and buck?' 'Yes.' 'I believe you have a very good rifle?' Yes, as good a one as ever cracked.' 'Well, did you never have a fine fat buck before you, when your gun snapped?' 'The like of that has happened.' 'Well now, friend Scott, did you take that faithful rifle and break it all to pieces on the very next log you come to—or did you pick the flint and try it again?' The tear stood in the old man's eyes. The chord was touched. 'No, Harry, I picked the flint, and tried her again—and I'll try you again—give us your hand.' We need scarcely say that the welkin rung with the huzzaing plaudits of the bye-standers. Clay was borne off to the hustings and re-elected.—*Virginia Free Press*

A curious case of conscience.—A writer by the name of Ulrich Von Hutten, who flourished in the time of Luther, mentions that the theological world at that period was puzzled to decide a case of conscience, which was submitted by one of the zealous supporters of the church. While sitting at a tavern, eating eggs, on a fast day, he opened one, having a young chicken in it. Showing it to the person he was travelling with, he was advised to eat it immediately, for 'if the landlord sees it, he will require you to pay for a pullet.' Yielding to this advice, he ate the egg and chicken. He then recollected it was fast day, and siezed with horror, for having committed such a mortal sin, he laid his case before his spiritual masters, praying them to decide immediately, whether the chicken was meat, that he might obtain absolution before he left Germany.

As a spruce young gentleman, who sported a cane and wore a wite beaver, was lately passing the village of Buffalo, on board a *canal boat*, on the deck of which several gentlemen were speaking about the beautiful situation of *Waterloo*, he very *innocently* begged to be informed "where the battle of *Waterloo* was fought." No one answering, he again inquired—no one answered—The *Cook* being abaft, and hearing the young gentleman's question, naturally thought it should be solved. As soon as he caught the eye of the spark, he exclaimed emphatically, "*Ur-rop Massa*," covered his ivory with a skimmer, as he ran below. The deck roared with laughter. The 'mortified man' rushed into the cabin, and betook him to *his books*.

The following neat *cut direct* is from the pen of the celebrated Sheridan. Lord Erskine declared in a large party in which Lady E. and Mr. S. were present, that "a wife was only a *tin canister* tied one's tail"—upon which Sheridan presented Lady Erskine with these lines:

"Lord Erkine at woman presuming to rail,
Calls a wife 'a tin canister tied to one's tail,'
And fair lady Anne while the subject he carries on,
Seems hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison,
But wherefore degrading! Considered aright,
A canister's *polished*, and *useful*, and *bright*—
And should dirt its original purity hide,
That's the fait of the *puppy* to whom it is *tied!*"

[*Boston Evening Gaz.*

INDIAN SHREWDNESS.—When General Lincoln went to make peace with the Creek Indians, one of the Chiefs asked him to sat down on a log; he was then desired to move, and in a few minutes to move farther: the request was repeated, till the General had got to the end of the log. The Indian said, "move farther;" to which the General replied, "I can move no farther." "Just so it is with us," said the Chief—"You have moved us back to the water, and then ask us to move farther. *Conn. Journal.*

A HUNDRED TO ONE.—'There were a hundred justices,' says one, 'at the monthly meeting.' 'A hundred,' says another. 'Yes,' says he, 'do you count and I will name them. There was justice Balance, put down one; justice Hall, put down a cypher, he is nobody; justice House, you may put down another cypher for him—*one* and *two cyphers* are a *hundred*.'

MARRIAGE BROKERS.—One of the London papers states that in Paris there is a regular *bureau* for negotiating marriages; and, such is the variety of female candidates, that the most captious taste may be suited. The following advertisement appears in the *Journal d'Affiches*, a Paris paper, of July 17:—

"MARRIAGES.

"1st. Fifty widows, with from 2,000 to 20,000 francs of income.

"2d. One and fifty *damsels*, with from 10,000 to 600,000 francs of dowry.

"3d. Four hundred young ladies and widows, with a small fortune.—Apply to M. Porre, &c."

Another Marriage Broker advertises at his disposal,

"1. Two young ladies, of between 15 and 18 years of age, with between 30,000 and 60,000 francs of portion.

"2 Two others, between 30 and 36 years, with 35,000 francs; and several *damsels* of all ages, with between 4,000 and 6,000 francs of income; with lots of widows, of incomes from 1,000 to 60,000 francs."

If money be not the object, M. Porre says that he has at his disposal "several young ladies of ancient families, with little fortune, but with all the qualities which should accompany fortune."

First and Last, a puzzle.

Beloved! art the blooming, cheerful, gay;
dost me: propose thou have wilt say!
if canst read clear, never thee, I
If the word begin, take *last*, thus on;
words then clear, plain, sense rude, language
Then remainder my Thou be beloved
wife. my shalt life of the
wrong: nor not The and be will The
go and the Then you *first* with
fear. then, have I'll thy not thou Yet
thou? me ldst That I outvie Thou
and healthful, rose, like thou

Paris, (Ky.) Citizen.

Cordage, Cut Nails and Duck.

THOMAS BROWNE--

No. 10, *Long Wharf*,

PORTLAND.

AGENT for the State of Maine, for the sale of PATENT CORDAGE, made by Robbins, of Plymouth. Also CUT NAILS and BRADS of all sizes, from 3d to 50d, manufactured by Boston Iron Company. DUCK of various prices, *ANCHORS*, and *CHAIN CABLES*.

It is presumed that the quality, price, and time for the above articles, will give entire satisfaction.

Portland, Aug. 14, 1827. 1y 163

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the public, and particularly *Subscribers* to "THE JEFFERSONIAN," that he has transferred all his interest in that establishment to Capt. ALFRED ANDREWS, of Paris, to whom all payments due must be made for the Paper, Advertisements, or Jobs.

CHARLES DINGLEY.

Paris, Sept. 18, 1827. 163

JUST Published and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, AN

APOLOGY

FOR BELIEVING IN

UNIVERSAL RECONCILIATION:

Or an Appeal from the Inferior court of Bigotry, Superstition, Ignorance and Unbelief, to the Supreme Court of Proper Candor, Sound Reason, Good Understanding, and True Faith. Also, a Key to the Book of Revelation, with short Notes on the same.

BY SAMUEL HUTCHINSON.

Sept. 27.

HOUSE & LAND.

FOR sale by the subscriber, a good Two-Story Dwelling HOUSE, partly finished, with Land sufficient for a good garden. Also a good new SAWMILL, well built, and situated on the Steep Falls, so called, where there is a good chance for timber, and a sufficiency of water for nearly the whole season. There is likewise a good privilege for the erection of almost any kind of machinery which requires water power.—Also a number of eligible house lots on each side of the road, which are well situated, and inferior to none in the vicinity for pleasantness of situation and goodness of soil.

The above will be sold at a cheap rate, & the terms of payment will be such that almost any person can purchase it, who has any desire for property of this kind.

☞For further information please inquire of the subscriber, living on the premises.

BAILEY BODWELL.

Sept. 7, 1827. tf 167

JUST published and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, by the Gross, Dozen or Single, the *MAINE FARMER'S ALMANAC*, for the year of our Lord 1828.

☞Traders supplied on liberal terms.

Sept. 27.

JAUNDICE BITTERS.

THE subscriber has been appointed Agent for selling *Johnson's Jaundice Bitters*, a most valuable Medicine for persons afflicted with the Jaundice or complaints of that kind. These Bitters are very pleasant and strong—and are highly esteemed by all such as have made trial of them.—*For sale wholesale and retail.*—Traders and others who purchase to sell again, can be supplied on reasonable terms. ASA BARTON

Norway, Sept. 17.

JUST received and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*, School Bibles, *a good edition*; also Colburn's Arithmetic; Writing and Wrapping Paper, &c. *to be sold cheap.*

PROPOSALS

For Publishing a Monthly Pamphlet Entitled

The Gospel Preacher.

THE Publisher of the CHRISTIAN TELESCOPE AND UNIVERSALIST MISCELLANY, as the means of disseminating the principles of Universalism, and of subverting the deleterious effects of the numerous sectarian tracts with which our land is at present completely inundated, and which he conceives to be only calculated to poison the inquiring mind and to render it the passive, and desponding subject of error, doubt and tormenting fears; proposes publishing by subscription, a monthly pamphlet of 16 pages octavo, entitled

THE GOSPEL PREACHER;

each number to contain two *Original Sermons* from the pens of living Universalist Ministers, and each designed to give a clear and full explanation of some passage of Holy Writ, and to explain the true principles of the Gospel as understood by Universalists.

This work will be issued on the most economical plan, so that it may be afforded at such a price, as to ensure its gratuitous circulation by such individuals as may be disposed to forward the important object.

CONDITIONS.

The Gospel Preacher will be published on the first Wednesday of each month, handsomely printed on fine paper, and neatly stitched in colored covers, and will be sent to subscribers at $1 per year, in advance; and whenever 1000 subscribers are obtained the publisher pledges himself to reduce the price to 75 cents.

The work will be commenced as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to warrant the undertaking.

☞Agents for the Telescope and Miscellany, are requested to use their influence in obtaining subscribers for the GOSPEL PREACHER, and to act as Agents for the same.—☞Every 5th copy allowed to those who obtain 4, or more subscribers, and become accountable for the same.

Subscriptions received by Asa Barton at the Oxford Bookstore.

September 8th, 1827. 163

JOHNSON'S AMERICAN

Anodyne Liniment,

OR,

LIQUID OPODELDOC.

THIS most excellent preparation is composed of a number of the most powerful articles which the Materia Medica affords, several of which have never before been combined in any preparation, of this kind, and is considered, by good judges, to be decidedly superior to any other Opodeldoc. Externally it will be used with great advantage for gout and rheumatism; for Strains, Bruises and Swellings; for Numbness, Stiffness, and Cramp, in the Neck, Back or Limbs. Surgeons will find it an admirable application to dislocated joints and Fractured Bones, both before and after setting.

Internally it is used with the most happy effects for Asthma for hard dry, spasmodic coughs attended with pain in the side, for Hooping Cough, for pains and soreness, in the stomach and sides caused by lifting or otherwise, for suppression of the Urin, for Deafness which has recently occurred, and for pains and itching in the ears; a lock of cotton dipped in it and put into a painful tooth, gives immediate relief. It will be found to possess all the virtues of the British Oil, of the white or any other Opodeldoc now in existence, while its power and effects are double to that of any of them.—Testimonies of its beneficial effects in particular cases might be multiplied at pleasure, but the following respectable Certificates are thought to be sufficient.

CERTIFICATES.

I, the subscriber, do hereby certify, that after having been troubled with a Rheumatic Affection for some years, I was attacked with a Gouty Rheumatism in all my limbs, towards the close of the year 1824, and was attended on for a number of weeks by two skilful physicians, without the least sensible benefit. My legs and thighs were almost as big as my body, and my hands and arms so much swelled, that I could neither turn in bed nor feed myself. While in this state, Dr. Johnson's American Anodyne Liniment or Liquid Opodeldoc was recommended to me, and I commenced the use of it in Feb. 1825—and the use of this Medicine, and a flannel roller three weeks, entirely relieved the pain and swelling of my limbs. During this time I used a bottle of Whitwell's Liquid Opodeldoc on one limb, without any advantage whatever. I attribute it to the blessing of GOD on this excellent preparation, that I am now out of my grave. I would say to the sufferer from Rheumatism, "go thou and do likewise." LEVI CLARK.

Franklin, Sept. 12, 1825.

We, the subscribers, having experienced the good effects of Johnson's American Anodyne Liniment in relieving obstructions of the water, do hereby give our testimony in favor of that excellent remedy in this painful complaint.

CHRISTIANA K. MERCER, of Sullivan.
ELIZA HOOPER, of Franklin.
SAMUEL BEAN, of Sullivan.

☞Sold Wholesale and Retail by ASA BARTON, at the *Oxford Bookstore*, who is agent for the Proprietor; Also, by the Proprietor at Sullivan, Me. by the principal Apothecaries in the State, and by Wakefield, Smith & Co. 121, Washington-street, Boston.

o13w1y 125

JUST received and for sale by ASA BARTON, *Agent*, *A new and fresh supply of* DR. LAGRANGE'S GENUINE OINTMENT, for the cure of the SALT RHEUM.—This Ointment is a safe and sure cure for the *Salt Rheum*, and *Tinea Capitis*, or Scald Head. *Aug* 16.

The Observer

Is published every Thursday, by

ASA BARTON,

(FOR THE PROPRIETORS,)

at $2 00 per annum, subject to a deduction of 12 1-2 per cent. to all who pay *cash* within three months from the date of their subscription.

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